

Vignettes

The red drapes had impressed me more than once Their deep, rich tones of burgundy reminded me of aged wine. They blended harmoniously with the thick cream walls. The velvet of which they were made was as soft as a babe's skin and as mellow as candlelight. How stately they hung; how suggestive of aristocracy. They were created for admiration.

from *The Red Drapes*
Mary Fekete.

After a close study, her eyes suddenly gave the index to her inner thoughts. They were bright and amber colored, but sometimes her character would slip through for a moment She was most of all a brilliant, clever woman. All her efforts were centered on proving that the world was willing to be led around by the nose. Thus far, no one had disproved her theory.

from *The Club Woman*
Patricia Jowitt. *More*

The water glistens from the sun's rays as it slothfully feels its way along. Like a mirror it reflects on its clear, smooth surface the life along its sandy bank, speckled with the white, gray, and red of the rocks which have been lost by the stream.

from *The Willows*
Catherine M. Bruner. *more*

. . . The sun slants pleasantly and not too warmly through the trees at the county fairground. The dust has not yet risen, and the paths are not well worn. There is dew on the long grass. Tarpau-

lins cover the machinery of the ferris wheel, the chair-o-plane, the Lindy loop—all the machines that will upset one's equilibrium. The shabby canvas signs of the freak exhibits, of the scientific displays flap unnoticed in the breeze. There is the sound of hammering, carrying a long way across the barkerless grounds, and the deeper, steadier clock-clock of great stakes being driven into the grounds for the tent ropes.

from *The County Fair*
William J. Davey. *More*

Beautiful, pathetically beautiful is the empty grandstand after the football game, with perhaps one pennant still floating proudly, the goalposts standing majestically at either end of the field. These towering sentries stand and stare with arms folded and feet wide apart, mortal enemies who will never do battle.

The shadows of darkness creep over the stadium, and from the benches lining the sides of the field the heroes of yesterday's game run out to play as they did years ago while the stands reverberate with the silent cheers from the ghostly crowd assembled to witness this game played in an empty stadium.

from *Football*
W. L. Pittman. *More*

Jewels, sparkling, glistening in rays of light, casting reflections of red, blue, purple, yellow, over the walls of the room. Thousands of dollars' worth of jewels in one showcase. Rubies, red as blood; diamonds, glistening like the rain on steel plating; emeralds, as green as the deepest sea; pearls, in warm blue and pink; opals,

sparkling like dew drops on the grass as the sun strikes them; sapphires, as blue as a spring sky—a rainbow made of jewels.

from *A Jeweler's Showcase*
Mary K. Breedlove.

. . . . Below you is the green, soft, velvety valley, and above you is the majestic peak and soft baby blue sky. Even the wind in this higher heaven is alluringly different. It is light and fluffy so that you can almost touch it, and its song is one of celestial beauty. At last you reach the summit. Glancing around, you are aware of proud figures of stone reaching toward the blue heavens. You are truly beholding one of nature's most

wonderful creations—mountains are God's statues.

from *God's Statues*
Miriam Cassaday.

The rows of marigolds and patches of zinnias, flanked by golden-gleam nasturtiums and callendula are now but faded ghosts of the pageant of color that was once theirs. The naked, dried vines of the morning glory that covered the fence bear little resemblance to the sky-blue daintiness of the blossoms in summer. Only a few roses, persistent bloomers, add a touch of color to the tans and the browns of death.

from *The Garden*
Patricia Jowitt. *Moore*